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Art News

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FROM "TWILIGHT HOURS."

The rushes whisper softly, the sounds of silence wake,
large flowers like sad remembrance float on the dark green lake.

Were life but like the water, so calm and pure and deep,
and love like floating flowers that on the surface meet !
(1890)

THE Art Season of '96-'97 has come to an end.

THE July and August numbers will appear in one issue of 16 pages at the end of July.

SCULPTOR Leon Miecz Zawiejski in his exhibition at Boussoad and Valadon has shown that he is a versatile talent particularly successful in decorative or strictly realistic work.

PAUL DE LONGPRÉ has informed me thrice that he has moved from 104 East 84th Street to 777 West End Avenue. I do not believe he would have wasted the postage, if he had read what I have written about him in the *Daily Tattler* last December.

A DÜRER SOCIETY has been founded in London with the object of reproducing 15-25 of the painter's masterpieces. Every member will receive one print. The membership is limited to 250. Walter Crane, Frampton and Partridge are interested in it.

MR. SANFORD SALTUS, artist and subscriber to the ART NEWS, has informed me that he does not wish his name associated any further with a paper of such a class as ART NEWS, and positively and finally forbids me to send any more copies to him on any pretext whatever.

VICTORIEN SARDOU and Bisson, the farce writer, are said to have been instrumental in making Miss Elizabeth Maubury, a Dramatists' Agent, an officer of the Academy, on account of the immense sums of money which she has realized for them by her business management of the American productions of their plays. What next?

It may be interesting to know what sort of pictures a well-known art dealer like J. D. Gill, in Springfield, can dispose of. Among the fortunate ones were H. P. Smith, J. C. Arter, A. T. Bricher, T. B. Craig, D. F. Hasbrouck, Edward Moran, V. G. Stiepevich, A. F. Tait, R. W. van Boskerck, E. C. Leavitt, J. G. Tyler, Francis C. Jones, Ridgway Knight, etc. I do not envy the Springfield public for their taste.

SAPIENT reader, if you are short in cash and nevertheless aspire to be dressed like a gentleman, make the acquaintance of Mr. P. Chock, Tailor and Art Patron. Mr. Chock will give you Prince Alberts, Bicycle Suits, Top Coats, etc., galore, of the choicest cut and fabrics in exchange for a few paltry pictures, if they should find grace in his eyes. Mr. Chock's taste is peculiar. He likes odd things, such as Messrs. Hamilton and Verbeck are fabricating, and is particularly fond of potboilers. Poor man, how they get the best of

you. That is the reason why Mr. Dearth was dressed so well. And then my friend Dodge, he got an entire outfit for his wedding for a couple of canvases, that I saw him cover with paint in half an hour each (for his fake auction), and a large painted lithograph representing a chumpie lassie at a well. Poor Mr. Chock, what a shock you prepare for the critics should you ever chuck out your collection upon us !

ON AMERICAN ART.

YES, you are right, American art is a problem, a Gordian knot, and my sword is not sharp enough to sever it. Yet it amuses me to try my skill and pull a little at it.

Why are we in such and such a condition? Simply because we live in a mercenary age in the most mercenary country of the world. As Mr. Crowninshield, who introduced barbarism into interior decoration, cruelly, but sagaciously remarked to me one day: "We are all here, you, I and the others, to make money." Nobody is particularly to blame, all of us are to blame, no matter to what set we belong. And there are many sets. Let us review some of them.

There are the Franco- and Teuto-Americans who have made European art centres their home, and who have scarcely a good word to say about their country. They occasionally come over here to make money by potboiling and afterwards laugh like Chartrain, Madrazo, etc., at America, with their hands in well-filled pockets. "The Americans have no taste, you know. It's all rubbish over there; what is the use of talking. No encouragement, no atmosphere. America is only good for one purpose: to make money." These disloyal sons of Columbia have had, probably, a bad time over here (why shouldn't they, for some of the bad work they have done?) were not recognized for years, went abroad, received mild recognition at once (the Ministers of Fine Arts take care of that) and bask themselves in its sunshine, letting out their spite or recalling personal reminiscences at every occasion. They believe in Whistler's cosmopolitan art theory and do not realize that (unlike Whistler) they might perhaps have become greater artists if they had returned to America.

And then the public! The inconsiderate brutality of the stupid, inconstant, shameless, insatiable, insolent monster called the public—the *panmuffisme contemporaine*, as Flaubert once exclaimed in wild despair—does not spare any one of us all those nameless humiliations which are the portion of the struggling artist. Oh, the tragedy of the artist's fate who, to keep his genius from starvation, has to beg for every cent of praise with doglike servility from that public which he despises beyond expression!

Society, with its mild interest in doing the exhibitions, and limited art knowledge of the Prang